LINES

ON A

LATE RESIGNATION

AT THE

ROYAL ACADEMY.

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TO

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

ON HIS LATE RESIGNATION

AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

THESE LINES

ARE INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBEDIENT,

HUMBLE SERVANT,

EDW^{D} JERNINGHAM.

LINES, &c.

YE to whoſe ſoul kind nature's hand imparts
The glowing paſſion for the liberal arts:
Ye great diſpenſers of the magic ſtrain,
Whoſe harmony delights almoſt to pain:
Ye to whoſe touch (with DAMER's ſkill) is known
To charm to life, and wake the ſleeping ſtone:
Ye rare PROMETHEI, to whoſe hand is giv'n
To ſnatch the flame that warms the breaſt of heav'n:
Ye too, ye Bards, illuſtrious heirs of fame,
Who from the ſun your mental lineage claim:

Approach and ſee a dear and kindred art
Unhallow'd maxims to her ſons impart;
See her (become wild Faction's ready tool)
Inſult the Father of the modern ſchool.
Yet he firſt enter'd on the barren land,
And rais'd on high ARMIDA's pow'rful wand:
From him the Academics boaſt a name,
He led the way, he ſmooth'd their path to fame:
From him th' inſtructive lore the pupils claim'd,
His doctrine nurtur'd, and his voice inflam'd!
Oh, and is all forgot?—The ſons rebel,
And, REGAN-like, their hallow'd ſire expel.
Cou'd not his faculties, ſo meekly borne,
Arreſt the hand that fix'd the rankling thorn?
Cou'd not the twilight of approaching age,
The ſilver hairs that crown th' indulgent ſage,
Domeſtic virtues, his time-honour'd name,
His radiant works that crowd the dome of fame,

Say cou'd not theſe ſuppreſs th' opprobrious ſcene,
And charm to ſlumber academic ſpleen?

Mark, mark the period, when the Children ſtung
The Parent's feelings with their ſerpent tongue;
It was while dimneſs veil'd the pow'rs of ſight,
* And ting'd all nature with the gloom of night!

(Not many days remov'd) the Maſter came
With wonted zeal to touch the ſwelling theme!
The pregnant canvaſs his creation caught,
And drank his rich exuberance of thought:
Deck'd with the beams of Inſpiration's ſky,
Glanc'd o'er the work his finely-frenſy'd eye.
—Malignant Fate approach'd—the ſcenes decay,
To him the new creation fades away;

* The calamity here alluded to came ſuddenly upon Sir JOSHUA while he was painting.

Thick night abruptly ſhades the mimic ſky,
And clouds eternal quench the frenſy'd eye!
Invention ſhudder'd—Taſte ſtood weeping near—
From Fancy's eyelid guſh'd the glitt'ring tear—
Genius exclaim'd, My matchleſs loſs deplore,
The hand of REYNOLDS falls to riſe no more!